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# Shulk Gets Wrecked - Ike (and also Marth)

by BunnyFairy

## Summary

Shameless, filthy porn wherein Shulk seeks rough sex with a partner larger than himself. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Newly-added second chapter adds Marth for a threesome.

## Notes

Thank you for reading!! This series is essentially plotless smut from here onward. Just a bunch of smut drabbles involving Shulk with various Smashers (Robin included). The actual romance and fluff and relationship-establishing was back in Part 1. ' w '; Apologies to anyone who was looking forward to more of that. But, to those who were looking forward to smut: HOORAH.

Ps. Shulk asked very politely for all of these scenarios (which is an adorable scenario to imagine in its own right).

# Ike

Ike's big hands slid across Shulk's skin, pushing his turtleneck up to his chest. His arms were wrapped around Shulk's torso, reaching from where he stood behind him, pressing his muscled body against the comparatively smaller boy's back. He had to lean down to breathe hotly over Shulk's ear, and could feel under his hands the goosebumps that raised as a result.

“Your body is so unlike Marth's,” Ike said, his voice nothing more than low gravel when gripped with lust like this.

“Marth?” Shulk questioned, letting Ike pull his body backward into a bear hug. He tried perking his backside up, attempting to grind against Ike's erection, but the truth of the matter was that the height difference between them was too great, and his hips only pressed into leg. No, the small of his back was in line with Ike's crotch instead, the curve of his spine making contact difficult. Ike's hand slid from Shulk's chest to his stomach, where his wide reach nearly covered his entire abdomen, and pushed. Shulk felt Ike's huge, hard member press against his back, smiling at the sound of the other man's grunt.

“Marth is... slender and beautiful. Often, I feel that he is a flower, and someone like me has no business even touching him.” Shulk was surprised to hear Ike wax poetic, but moved along with him as he ground against his back again. “You are different. Stronger. I fear less the notion of breaking you.” Shulk swallowed. Another might have mistaken such dialog as threatening, but Shulk was excited by the promise of being handled roughly. “Like here...” Ike's fingers moved to caress Shulk's muscled stomach with the back of his knuckles. “You are firm in places where Marth is smooth.”

Shulk relished every touch, responding without shame, grinding back against Ike where they stood together in the small room belonging to him in the barracks. They hadn't fully undressed, Ike's armor removed but still wearing the light leather and cloth underneath, and Shulk with his clothing only loosened, shorts undone and hanging haphazardly around his hips. Eyes closed as he simply enjoyed the sensuous touches and slow grinding, he envisioned Marth's body, wondering how closely it compared to Robin's. They were both small of frame and pale in complexion... but the way Ike described Marth, he sounded fragile as a porcelain doll. That couldn't be accurate; Marth was a strong, capable fighter. Ike sounded a bit biased in his opinion, his affection for the prince coloring his perception of him. Shulk smiled to himself at that cute notion; that Ike's judgment could be clouded by love.

In any case, if Marth were soft and small like Robin, and considering the comparable size difference between Robin and himself, and that Shulk was *this* much smaller than Ike, then Ike and *Marth* together had to be...

“Are you imagining Marth's body?” Ike accused, and Shulk smirked over his shoulder, guilty as charged. Ike stepped back, giving just enough room between them to push his hands up Shulk's sweater again, pulling the garment over his head and discarding it. The sweat already forming on Shulk's torso chilled him upon exposure. Ike came in close again, rumbling, “I could describe every inch of his body, just from how it feels under my lips.” He pressed those very lips to the back of Shulk's neck, nose burying in soft curls of yellow hair. “Mmh, your skin is so much rougher.”

As he moved up and down Shulk's nape, kissing and biting, goosebumps rose again over Shulk's skin and he felt the tiny, short hairs at his neck prickling on end. Ike's hand ran through that hair now, calloused fingers really working into it, grasping at the roots to pull Shulk's head back so he could move his kisses forward to the side of his neck. Shulk gasped at the hair pull and sudden

movement, thinking, *Well, that's a new kink I didn't know I had.*

“Your hair is so *thick*... and it curls...” Ike continued his not-at-all gentle exploration of Shulk's neck and hair with his mouth and fingers. Shulk had never considered the properties of his hair, really, but understood that Ike's observations came from his comparisons with Marth. Even without ever having examined it closely, Marth's hair was clearly soft and light, and if Lucina's hair were any indication, it would continue to fall straight even if he allowed it to grow longer. Upon reflection, Shulk remembered times when he'd neglected to cut his own hair, and the uncontrollable waves that fell over his eyes as a result, interfering with his work. He supposed Ike's assessment was accurate after all.

Ike wasn't kidding about showing no fear of breaking him. Shulk *loved* his strong arms handling him so roughly, herding him toward the bed now, hands sliding down the open waistband of his shorts and underwear to push the articles down his thighs. Shulk was the larger in his partnership with Robin, so this sensation of being wrapped in warmth and muscle was almost entirely new. *Almost.* Ike's size reminded him of his friend Reyn... The width of Ike's shoulders absolutely *dwarfed* Shulk, his naked body nestling comfortably into whatever sandwich Ike desired to make him into.

He felt skin against his back, realizing that Ike had at last shed more of his clothes. Glancing, Shulk saw that Ike's tunic hung open at the front, the cloth gathering at his sides. Shulk could wrap it over his shoulders like a blanket if he wanted to, but Ike's huge, exploring arms did not allow him enough movement. And that hard, hot tip that touched his backside... that was Ike's cock, at last freed from the thick fabric of his pants, leaving wet, sticky residue where it touched the small of his back. Shulk groaned yearningly, eager to experience something of that size inside of him.

The sound fueled Ike, who gripped one big hand under the back of Shulk's thigh, pushing his knee up onto the bed, and at last Shulk understood. His shorts, never fully discarded, fell the remainder of the way to his ankles as he crawled on his hands and knees on the surface of Ike's bed, the best way to achieve the leverage needed to put his ass in line with Ike's cock, since his height alone wasn't cutting it.

Without preamble, Ike's four fingers thrust into him, producing a loud, guttural cry from the sodomized boy. When the pain and shock ebbed (barely), he discerned at least that Ike's fingers were lubricated, and despite the rough handling, Ike was coating his hole for easier penetration. Shulk's tongue lolled from his mouth as he gasped and breathed heavily while Ike's hand worked and stretched him, his elbows shaking with the effort of holding him up through such overwhelming stimulation. He felt precum dribble from his own swollen cock, puddling on the quilted comforter.

Then, Ike's fingers flattened on one side of his hole, stretching it, an action that took Shulk a moment to place – it was like one pushing a curtain aside a window so that they could peer through. He realized what was happening when he felt a different hot, fleshy appendage press against his stretched opening.

“Oh, *God,”* Shulk moaned. As much as he was stretched already, the wet tip of Ike's cock still pressed hard against the ring of muscle, too large to penetrate. Shulk felt Ike changing his position, steadying the grip on his cock, and spreading his inserted fingers wider to work his hole open even further. Shulk's fingers curled into fists, gripping handfuls of blanket below him as he braced against the tension.

Ike pushed, *hard,* and a tiny, squeaking sound escaped Shulk's throat as the head pressed in. He had never, *ever* been opened as wide as he was right now, and hot breaths rasped from his mouth as he dealt with the intense tension of being filled beyond anything else he'd experienced.

Then Ike moved again, and a horrible, wonderful realization hit Shulk. The tip wasn't even in all the way. Ike was still trying to push the rest of the way in, and a low, drawn-out swear hissed over Shulk's lips as he felt his ass stretching even *further.*

Shulk's head snapped back as the head shot through the hole at last, embedding deeply, too fast for him to process appropriately, so he only gasped. The thickest part was in, he reassured himself, but even so, the thickness of Ike's shaft was greater than anything else that had stretched him before this with the sole exception of that head, so the tension that continued pulling his hole open was still intense.

Ike released the breath he'd been holding, relieved to have made it through. “Did you like that?” he asked, rasping. He pulled back, Shulk closing his eyes tight at the sensation of Ike moving too soon, but then Ike's true cruelty manifested.

He pulled out all the way. The huge head stretching Shulk's ass again as it retracted made him choke out a throaty cry and his eyes shot open. As quickly as that, the tension was released, his hole alternating between tightening and relaxing upon being emptied.

But that wasn't the end of it. Ike pressed against the entrance again, readying to press back inside. He was going to make Shulk experience that *again,* and while his ass was trying to normalize on top of that. “Oh God oh God oh God oh *G-”* Shulk's desperate cries dissolved into an unintelligible keen as Ike went back in, the tip returning to its originally embedded place.

Shulk's eyes were wide and wet with gathering tears as his awareness caught up with the action, breaths escaping through gritted teeth. Ike hadn't moved, perhaps finally allowing Shulk the time to get used to his size. As soon as Shulk's breathing calmed enough for him to form words, he struggled, “Wo...” It took him some time to get some actual words out, but Ike waited patiently – and he was rewarded. “One more time,” Shulk rasped at last. “Do that again.”

Ike obliged. Shulk's cry this time was high with pure ecstasy.

There wasn't any more teasing after that. Ike thrust into the boy with abandon, his thick tip reaching deeper inside of Shulk than anything else he'd experienced, and he could *feel* its traveling with every thrust Ike made. His body was rocked and pulled on the hands and knees his weight rested on, the bed creaking below him with their motions. Viscous liquid dripped from his cock, splatting on the comforter, and Shulk worried that perhaps he'd come already, but realized that it was only precum forcibly loosed from his cock by Ike's strong thrusting.

Shulk's balance was suddenly upheaved as Ike leaned forward over his body and grabbed his wrists. Ike straightened, taking his arms back with him. Shulk was forced to straighten as well, back arched and arms pulled behind him. Ike was holding him like a wheelbarrow, and plowing with him about as hard, too.

Shulk surrendered completely, having no control over how he bounced on his knees on the bed with the force of Ike's thrusts. His eyelashes fluttered closed over his eyes as they rolled back, losing himself in the unrelenting pleasure.

But Ike still was not pleased with their position. He let go of Shulk's wrists, one big arm hooking around his waist to keep the boy from falling forward, the other hand traveling over his ass and down his thigh, coming to grip the back of his knee. Shulk looked backward over his shoulder, trying to see how Ike was planning to move him. He expected Ike to lift his leg and pummel him sideways, a position he'd tried with Robin before this, but the rearrangement never came.

Instead, Ike pulled harder with the arm that was around Shulk's torso, leaning him back against Ike's muscled stomach and chest, not dissimilar to the standing positions they'd started in. Shulk felt Ike's weight shifting, identifying the way the muscles tensed below him as if he were preparing to lift something heavy.

And then he had both hands on the back of each of Shulk's knees, and Shulk understood. Ike *heaved,* grunting with exertion, and Shulk's legs were lifted out from under him. Breathless at the notion of Ike's ability to lift him so easily, Shulk's weight fell backwards, supported completely against Ike's chest and, more stimulatingly, his lap, where his monster cock still plugged in his ass. He was folded in half, legs hoisted up in the air on either side, Ike's impossibly strong arms hooked under his knees.

*This* was a position he could never have attempted with Robin.

A choked cry escaped Shulk's throat as Ike experimented a thrust, bucking his hips straight up into the boy's new position. If he felt helpless before, when Ike held him like a wheelbarrow, he was *truly* at Ike's mercy now. He was completely without contact with any kind of support from the bed or anything else, the entirety of his weight bouncing up and down Ike's cock, powered by his lifting arms and bucking hips. Shulk didn't know what to do with his own hands, curling them beside his face against Ike's wide chest. His grasping fingers found the fabric of Ike's open tunic and clutched it, just wanting the comfort of having his hold on *something* while the rest of his body was at the mercy of Ike's ability to lift him.

“Look,” Ike rumbled from above him. Shulk's eyes opened, not realizing that he'd shut them tightly. With his hands occupied by Shulk's legs, Ike couldn't indicate what he was referring to, but Shulk had to only look down to understand right away. Ike gave a few more heavy thrusts into him as he watched, demonstrating beyond any questionable doubt that the bulge of skin that swelled up below his bellybutton was, in fact, Ike's dick pushing all the way through. Shulk's eyes were wide, hardly believing what he saw. But the bulge flattened as Ike pulled out, pushing up again when he thrust back in. And he could *feel* it deep in side of him, too, in a way he had certainly never imagined his organs could feel things before.

Hesitatingly, as if afraid that letting go would cause Shulk to fall from his perch, his fingers released Ike's tunic. He slid his palm down his stomach, groaning as he felt his own skin swelling where Ike's cock pushed it up. He rubbed the raised bulge, producing a grunt from Ike. It all felt too unreal to ever fully appreciate, but the reality had demonstrated itself. He could stimulate the tip of Ike's cock by rubbing his stomach.

He continued to do so as Ike resumed thrusting quickly. Shulk felt his voice releasing sounds, but he had no control over them. Did they sound as high to his partner as they did to his own ears?

“Are you close?” Ike asked through his own grunts. His grip shifted, frightening Shulk as he feared being dropped, but Ike had only rearranged his hold to splay Shulk's legs apart further. “I want you to see... yourself come...”

“Ahg...” Shulk wasn't sure if he could control his voice enough to produce an affirmative sound, and hoped that one was passable. Looking down, he had a view of himself splayed, privates bouncing as he bounced as well, precum flicking off the end of his dick as it forcefully rose and fell with their movements. And below his navel, he could still watch the bulge that was Ike's cock thrusting through him.

He was overwhelmed with stimulation. It wasn't hard to shed the last scrap of resistance he held onto, letting his pleasure culminate and wash over him. The muscles in his stomach and legs tightened, Ike's grip and his awkward position the only things keeping his body from arching. His toes curled as he felt the pooled heat in his abdomen surge through his cock's length from base to

end. Cum spilled from the tip, falling in an arc through the air over the bed. Shulk barely saw it, his eyes having rolled back in unadulterated release, but he regained focus in time to see the secondary spurt, and the third.

“Mmh,” Ike nuzzled with satisfaction against the side of Shulk's face. “And that was without any stimulation of your own... you came just from having your ass pounded.” His hands inched down Shulk's thighs, readying to lower the boy to the bed again. Shulk lacked the energy to catch himself as he fell forward, bouncing against the comforter, spent and breathing laboriously. “It's no mystery Robin loves you...” Ike's rough fingers stroked the side of his heated face, brushing tussled blond hair aside.

His hands caressed downward, traveling Shulk's body until he gripped his hips, still raised in the air from his awkward fall. Ike unplugged himself from Shulk at last with a grunt, the hole still tightly resisting his large size even after all of the rough handling. A thick, sticky strand followed him from the newly-emptied hole, dripping down Shulk's thighs when it broke. Ike smiled, sighing to himself. He gave Shulk's raised buttocks a halfhearted slap with his palm as he lowered himself to sit on the bed beside him. He was about to say something encouraging when both of them heard the doorknob turning.

Marth entered, already in a state of undress, having removed his armor in the common room of the barracks. He was in the middle of unfastening his cape when he came in the door, not even baring the bed a glance as he moved to hang it on the wall opposite them. When he turned around at last, he blinked blankly at the sight of a very exhausted and very debauched Shulk on the bed he'd planned to sit on to finish undressing, with Ike naked and resting his elbows on his knees as he sat on the edge, returning Marth's blank and slightly surprised gaze.

“Ike,” Marth shot his lover a sly look, tilting his head as his lips curled into a smile, the action making his soft hair flutter. “You didn't tell me you got me a present.”

# Marth

Chapter Summary

SURPRISE THREESOME!

“You okay, cutie?” Marth asked, using his delicate fingers to brush Shulk's mussed hair out of his face as he weakly pushed himself up to a sitting position.

“Getting better,” Shulk admitted, surprising himself with the lack of strength behind his voice. Ike had *really* fucked him senseless. He hadn't even possessed enough awareness at the time when Marth stepped into the room to react appropriately. In hindsight, he supposed he should have felt ashamed at being walked in on while in such a compromising state, but Marth was so welcoming toward his unexpected presence that his embarrassment was significantly eased.

“Well, keep getting better,” Marth's thin, pretty lips smiled at him while his eyes half-lowered with mischief, “Because you're going another round in a minute.” He stole a quick smooch before whirling away to finish undressing, leaving Shulk without the opportunity to respond.

Shulk observed Marth and Ike interacting in awe. At the beginning of his session with Ike, he'd daydreamed for a while about Marth, vaguely entertaining the notion of possible sexual escapades with him in the future... he never imagined that that future could happen now. Marth, looking even smaller with the hulking Ike beside him, cast Shulk a lusty look over his shoulder as he opened the front of his tunic and let it fall away from him. Round, pale shoulders and unmarked skin... Ike's big, calloused hands brushed over it, surprising Shulk to see such gentleness from him, especially remembering his own rough handling. He understood, now, what Ike had been talking about at the beginning of their session. Marth looked delicate, his skin like flawless porcelain – even if there was the lean muscle of a skilled swordsman underneath that skin.

Ike moved with such concern, his fear of breaking the smaller man evident to Shulk, even if that fear was unfounded. Shulk swallowed. So, perhaps Ike had looked forward to the rough session with Shulk as much as Shulk himself had – it was his chance, finally, to release himself of that concern, letting himself fully succumb to carnal pleasure. Shulk rubbed the back of his thigh, where he was sure a bruise would be forming, not regretting giving the man that chance at all.

Marth's long eyelashes closed – *God,* his eyelashes were *so long* – as he rose to the tips of his toes to sweetly go in for a kiss from Ike. Shulk's eyes traveled the curve of Marth's spine, enjoying the tapering in at his waist, giving the illusion of hips wider than they actually were. Ike's hands were at those hips now, too, reaching down into his loosely-slung pants to grip two soft handfuls of pale, pert buttocks. Marth unleashed a soft, sonorous moan, deepening their kiss, and Shulk watched tongues move between them. Involuntarily, his own tongue briefly flicked out, wetting his lips.

Marth and Ike's kiss broke apart, Ike looking a like he wanted to keep going, but Marth coyly pressed his index finger to Ike's lips as he backed away from him. As Marth slinked over to Shulk again, Shulk could only think about how incredibly *otherworldly* Marth was in his every sensual motion, his feminine beauty, and the commanding power he used those attributes for. Maybe it was his innate ability as a prince and a warlord, maybe it was just charisma (and damn good genes), maybe it was all of the above – but the fact that he had someone as huge and powerful as

Ike melting under his gentle touch and hanging on every command like this was a testament to how much raw authority Marth possessed.

And he aimed to exercise it over Shulk now. His heart quickened in anticipation at the thought, watching Marth tantalizingly slip his leather pants down his thighs, then easing onto the bed to join him. He flourishingly trailed one finger along the side of Shulk's face, and Shulk melted against the touch, leaning in and closing his eyes to accept the sweet kiss Marth caught his lips into. Marth's fingers closed around the wrist he balanced on the bed with, lifting it up and pushing back, pressing Shulk onto his back, wrists captured beside his face. Marth smiled down at him, positioning himself to straddle Shulk's hips. He pressed their naked bodies together, kissing him again, both of them releasing soft noises at the stimulation in their groin regions.

Shulk still felt spent and tender, having reached orgasm not terribly long ago, but Marth seemed considerate of this, gentle as he rubbed over his cock with his own. They enjoyed each other like this for some time, languidly kissing, Shulk gradually being worked up again, hardening, growing more comfortable with the stimulation in his cock.

When Marth finally broke away, he looked over his shoulder at Ike, forming his pink lips into a perfect pout. “Ike...” he urged, and Shulk understood what was being requested as the prince perked his hips up, inviting his lover.

Ike was released from his daze. Truthfully, he was pleased just to watch the two of them enjoying one another, especially considering his view from this angle. But Marth's longing voice coupled with that irresistible expression, not to mention the lewd movement of his hips, snapped him to attention, and Shulk felt through the mattress that Ike now moved his weight over to join them.

Marth faced Shulk again, eyelashes low over his deep blue eyes. Shulk couldn't feel or see Ike entering Marth, but he could observe Marth's reactions, and that was nearly just as stimulating, as the sensation of Ike's huge cock pushing its way in was still fresh in Shulk's own memory. Marth's teeth clicked closed, and his grip on Shulk's wrists tightened as he braced himself against the entry.

Then Shulk realized that he wasn't sure if Marth was lubricated first. Ike's entry seemed awfully fast – even now, Marth was moaning, encouraging, “Mm, that's so *good,* Ike...” Unless there was a step Shulk hadn't observed, which he supposed was possible – then Marth was taking Ike's monster cock bareback.

Shulk stared up at the reacting Marth, stricken with awe. He heard Ike grunt, and Marth was thrust forward, causing friction against Shulk's body, their cocks grinding together. Shulk absorbed what was happening on top of him – the gasping, grunting Marth, being fucked by Ike, his body thrusting up and down with Ike's strong, hard movements. Shulk had the clearest view of Marth's expressions, the prince whose erotic, measured beauty he'd just been admiring earlier, now heated with lust, grimacing and biting his lip and knotting his eyebrows and alternating through a myriad of other lewd reactions.

If he hadn't yet reached full hardness before, he certainly did now.

Freeing his wrists from Marth's grip, Shulk sent his hands to Marth's hips. He didn't expect to match the force of Ike's thrusts, but he could at least thrust up on his own as best he could, grinding his cock together with Marth's with even greater force. Marth unleashed beautiful sounds, accosted both back and front. Shulk wondered if he was going to come soon.

But Marth's stamina was greater than Shulk anticipated (and, in truth, Shulk had based his estimation on his *own* stamina, and he did not imagine that he would have lasted long if he were in Marth's current position). “Ike,” Marth huffed between breaths, “Give... give Shulk a turn, too.”

Shulk's eyes widened. He felt Ike's weight shift, and felt through Marth's bracing reactions that Ike pulled out from him. Ike's big hands went under his thighs, lifting him, working his knees underneath for leverage while Shulk's legs went into the air.

“Ah... w-” Shulk choked off his request to 'wait,' curious now as Marth shifted, too. Marth lifted from him, torsos separating as he sat up on his knees, smiling down at him. He took Shulk's cock in his hand, putting it in line with his newly-available entrance. Shulk felt his head pressing against Marth's hole at the same time he felt another, much larger head exerting great pressure against his own hole. “Oh...” Shulk groaned, understanding what the two were setting up. Marth leaned back against Ike, twisting at the waist to kiss his lover, cradling his face with his free hand, while the two of them pushed their ways in at the same time.

Shulk's spine sent his body in an arch, eyes rolling back, experiencing all over *again* Ike's huge tip penetrating his entrance, all while his own cock was pushed through Marth's hole at the same time. And Ike allowed no time for his body to grow used to his size again – he was thrusting, *hard,* almost at once. Marth simply rode along, laughing as he held his balance on his perch, which moved wildly below him under Ike's heavy thrusts. Shulk didn't even provide any thrusts of his own, doubting he had the strength to even if he made the attempt, those powerful thrusts Ike pumped into him providing enough to bounce Marth up and down his cock.

“Oh, *oh God...”* Shulk moaned, among many other wordless wails, surrendering completely to the other two. He had just enough awareness about him to confirm his earlier suspicion: yes, Marth was indeed barebacking it. The friction of his muscled hole traveling up and down Shulk's length made for an experience unlike even the few times he'd penetrated Robin, since they'd *never* skimped on lube in their encounters. And Ike *slammed* into his ass, loud skin-slapping sounds resounding through the room with every impact, forming a double-rhythm with Marth's bouncing as well. Shulk wondered if Ike was driven to such extremes because he knew that the more power he fed into Shulk, the more Marth experienced it on his end, and Ike's desire to pleasure his lover trumped all else. Shulk's awareness was glazing over, but he briefly entertained the notion that at this point, Ike was essentially fucking Marth *through* Shulk.

“Oh, don't come yet, cutie,” Marth pouted, hands going to Shulk's stomach in an attempt to brace himself and cease his bouncing. Shulk focused his vision enough to watch him, curious what the surprisingly perverted prince was plotting next. He pushed himself off Shulk's dick, making Shulk give a sad little “No...” at his stimulation having been cut off. Marth gazed at him lovingly and promised, “Don't worry, I'll take care of you.”

He turned to Ike after that, and simply gave the command, “Up.”

Ike's hands were hefting Shulk's legs up again, higher even than they already were, dragging his back forward across the quilted comforter. Shulk had no idea what position he was being dragged into, looking a little blank as he was manipulated around, until at last his weight rested on his shoulders and neck, the rest of his body upside-down, legs folded under Ike's hands. Ike was up on his knees – a man of more average height would have to *stand* to keep his dick inserted in an ass that pointed straight up like Shulk's did right now, but *nothing* about Ike's size was average.

He gave a couple experimental thrusts, testing his ability to thrust straight down, and Shulk feared his neck might break. “Here,” Marth offered, seeing the boy wince, wedging a pillow under his neck and between his shoulders, a welcome comfort. Marth winked and leaned all the way down to plant a kiss on Shulk's cheek.

Now Ike truly resumed moving, and Shulk was repeatedly pushed into the mattress at the force of it. As his thrusts grew stronger, Ike really did rise from his knees to a standing position, bracing himself against Shulk's splayed legs. It allowed him to pull further out and thrust back down with

more force than any of the other positions they'd tried. It knocked Shulk's breath out of him.

“Mm, look at that *stomach,”* Marth marveled, running his fingers over Shulk's upside-down abdomen, the muscles folded up tight in his curved position. He kept his fingers moving, not resting until the wrapped around Shulk's bouncing cock. He barely had to move his hand, Ike's thrusting almost providing enough movement to Shulk's dick to deliver a handjob with a stationary hand. But Marth pumped with his hand nonetheless, if only to provide *that* much more stimulation for Shulk, whom he adored seeing absolutely losing his mind under his touch.

Shulk was melting wholly away, any and all coherent thought having flown from him. This position was so unusual, who would have imagined it could result in a fucking as hard as this? Shulk was mentally *gone,* nothing more than a vessel that simply *took* what Ike and Marth provided for him. His voice let out a high whine, and he could hardly tell what it was in response to, not even realizing that Marth had used his free hand to pinch and pull one of his nipples.

“Cu~ute...” Marth cooed, adoring every sound and expression Shulk produced. He felt Shulk's cock go rigid in his hand, veins bulging along its surface under his fingers. He smiled, immeasurably pleased, watching cum burst from the tip to spray Shulk's own face. Thick, wet globules stuck to his cheeks, across his nose, over his lips and dripping into his open mouth. Shulk's eyes were wide, blinking, not fully aware of what had just happened, his awareness still struggling to catch up.

Ike grunted, after allowing several moments to pass for Shulk to recover, finally extracting himself from his hole and guiding his legs and lower body back down to the bed. Shulk's back arched, not in ecstasy for once, just stretching his back and limbs after being folded up so forcefully through all of that. He groaned like one awakening from deep slumber, impulsively bringing a hand to his face to wipe his cum off, but flinched when his fingers touched it, unsure how to wipe all this off without just smearing it around, which would only be more embarrassing.

Marth gazed down at him with half-lidded eyes, licking his fingers to remove the traces that had stained him during the handjob. He was fixated on his widened hole, open and thickly filled with white, murky cum. There were at *least* two loads of Ike's in there, and Marth knew that was no insubstantial amount.

“What about you, Marth?” Ike asked him, one large finger brushing through the prince's soft, blue hair near his face.

“What, indeed,” Marth mused, his eyes still on Shulk's hole as he crawled to approach it. “Bear with me a bit longer, Shulk,” he ushered gently, resting his hands on the boy's knees, still weak and trembling post-orgasm.

Shulk groaned, perhaps in exhaustion at this point, but he did not resist Marth's entry. This was a new record of successional sex for him, and he wondered if Robin might grow jealous to learn about it and work to break it himself. Shulk had significantly more wits about him now compared to earlier, recovering from his orgasmic high, so he was conscious of how easily Marth slid in and out of him. A part of him worried that Ike had widened him to the point that he wasn't providing enough friction for Marth to be pleasurable, but Marth's real enjoyment seemed to be thrusting into Ike's milky, messy cum. It sloshed and splashed around inside of him, he could *feel* it, and occasionally Marth's angle of entry caused it to spurt out his hole in an arcing stream. The wet sounds and sensations were an entirely new experience for Shulk, enough to bring him no small amount of pleasure despite his weak, post-orgasm tiredness. And when he opened his mouth as his breathing grew heavier, his own cum loosed from his lips to drip into his mouth.

Marth cried out, and Shulk looked up to see that Ike was stimulating him further, arms reached around to pinch and tweak his nipples. He watched Marth's tiny pink nipples being pulled and

pressed between Ike's big, massaging fingers, feeling his own going erect at the imagined stimulation. And then Marth was coming, his own liquid shooting into the pool of Ike's, mixing with it, before he quickly pulled out and released the rest of his load over Shulk's stomach and chest.

For some time, there was no movement in the room besides heaving shoulders, and no sound besides heavy breaths slowly evening out. Even while Marth caught his breath, his eyes traveled over the marvelous sight that was Shulk's debauched body. His hair fell messily about his face, sticking in cum, while more streams stained his torso, gathering in the creases between muscles. And a thick white stream continued to drip from his thoroughly abused hole, forming a puddle below him.

“That's... *three* sets of DNA on you now,” Marth pointed out between breaths, stroking Shulk's leg affectionately, as it was all he could reach, too spent to move elsewhere. “Bring Robin with you next time, and we can make it four.”

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